

Don't Get Carried Away (feat. Nas)

Busta Rhymes

Doctor, yeah

I think we got some shit for 'em

Yeah, I'ma rub these sticks together

Check it and start a bonfire And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our

Flipmode movement, bounce in your truck to us

Y'all get stupid, don't try to fuck with us

Because you will get carried away, yeah, you'll be carried away Now I'm subtle, once I pick up my metal

Put my foot on the pedal, ridin' through every ghetto

Analyze the shit I'm seein' when I sip Amaretto

A lot of bitches on the strip, struttin' in they stilettos Then they wave and say hello when my Lambo' is yellow

Everything they got a jingle when they walk like Jello

See the niggaz on the corner and I never forget it

And I never regret it because I see how you get it Now because of you niggaz, I'm a hustler nigga

'Gnac guzzler nigga, rip your jugular, nigga

In the night I become the type to love when it's dark

'Cause when I pull up and park, is when I'm makin' my mark See the fact's that I'm tryin' to strive and

capitalize in

Start to max-a-mimize and b-build a ent-ter-prise

And wh-while I'm stockin' this bread, keep ah-stockin' the lead

And leave a permanent dot on the top of your head, c'mon And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our

Flipmode movement, bounce in your truck to us

Y'all get stupid, don't try to fuck with us

Because you will get carried away, yeah, you'll be carried away I'm the enigma, there is none harder, smarter

Martyr, Godfather, my interest, your departure

Pardon Dre this beat is a monster, catchy

Like sleepin' under open windows that's drafty Then wakin' up my throat scratchy that's how I spit it nasty

They short, a few inches North of a dwarf

My flow's Murcilago, ghostin' them narcos

Toast in the ways of the original Pablos Still a pyramid architect, mix liquors like a chemist

Killer lyricist, poetical tyrant

Sneaker store terrorist, Mt. Everest, I climbed it

Heat is drawn, no creepin' on me whenever I'm bent My mind spray, my nine spray

And freak styles like 3000 Andre

To keep pilin', keep pushin' them drops

Nas, runnin' with hot Busta Bust, we don't stop And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our

Flipmode movement, bounce in your truck to us

Y'all get stupid, don't try to fuck with us

Because you will get carried away, yeah, you'll be carried away Now I'm hot, and we runnin' the block

Watch me run in your spot, fiends comin' in flocks

Add a little cut to the coke when I'm cookin' the pot, c'mon
Drugs, bitch, I got what you want come and get what I got
Now I almost forgot, I come to close up your shop
I love to fold up a knot, love totin' the glock
Helps me feel safer when niggaz try to scheme on my plot
Try to steal paper from me, you gotta deal with a lot
See, I will leave you to rot, only defendin' my stock
Niggaz know they pussy and struggle to pretend that they not
Lose your life in the drop while I harvest the crop
My hot shit, bust a cannon have you run in your socks
See we live on the edge, bang shit with a sledgehammer
Split up your head, kill a snitch for the feds
Let's go, for the streets I'm always spittin' a gospel
Get Nas holdin' a barrel size of elephant nostril
And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our
Flipmode movement, bounce in your truck to us
Y'all get stupid, don't try to fuck with us
Because you will get carried away, yeah, you'll be carried away

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